

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.  
*Des.* If you say, I hope you will not kill me.  
*Oth.* Humh.  
*Des.* And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then  
 When your eyes rowle so.  
 Why I should feare, I know not,  
 Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.  
*Oth.* Thinke on thy finnes.  
*Des.* They are Loues I beare to you.  
*Oth.* I, and for that thou dy'st.  
*Des.* That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.  
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?  
 Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:  
 These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,  
 They do not point on me.  
*Oth.* Peace, and be still.  
*Des.* I will so: What's the matter?  
*Oth.* That Handkerchiefe  
 Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.  
*Des.* No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,  
 And aske him.  
*Oth.* Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,  
 Thou art on thy death-bed.  
*Des.* I, but not yet to dye.  
*Oth.* Presently.  
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:  
 For to deny each Article with Oath,  
 Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception  
 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.  
*Des.* O Heauen haue mercy on me.  
*Oth.* I say, Amen.  
*Des.* And haue you merrey too. I neuer did  
 Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,  
 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,  
 As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.  
*Oth.* By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.  
 Operiur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,  
 And makes me call, what I intend to do,  
 A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.  
 I saw the Handkerchiefe.  
*Des.* He found it then:  
 I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:  
 Let him confesse a truth.  
*Oth.* He hath confest.  
*Des.* What, my Lord?  
*Oth.* That he hath vs'd thee.  
*Des.* How? vnlawfully?  
*Oth.* I.  
*Des.* He will not say so.  
*Oth.* No: his mouth is stopp'd:  
 Honest *Iago* hath'tane order for't.  
*Des.* Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?  
*Oth.* Had all his haire bin lines, my great Reuenge  
 Had stomacke for them all.  
*Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.  
*Oth.* Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?  
*Des.* O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.  
*Oth.* Downe Strumpet.  
*Des.* Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.  
*Oth.* Nay, if you striue.  
*Des.* But halfe an houre.  
*Oth.* Being done, there is no pawse.  
*Des.* But while I say one prayer.  
*Oth.* It is too late. *Smothers her.*  
*Emilia* at the doore.  
*Emil.* My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.  
*Oth.* What noife is this? Not dead? nor yet quite dead?  
 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,  
 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?  
 So, so.  
*Emil.* Within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?  
*Oth.* Who's there?  
*Emil.* Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word  
 with you.  
*Oth.* Yes: 'Tis *Emilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.  
 'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:  
 The noife was high. Hah, no more moouing?  
 Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?  
 I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?  
 If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:  
 My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.  
 Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!  
 Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse!  
 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe  
 Did yawne at Alteration.  
*Emil.* I do beseech you  
 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord,  
*Oth.* I had forgot thee: oh come in *Emilia*.  
 Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.  
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
*Enter Emilia.*  
*Emil.* Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers  
 done.  
*Oth.* What? now?  
*Emil.* But now, my Lord.  
*Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,  
 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,  
 And makes men mad.  
*Emil.* *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd  
 A young Venetian, call'd *Roderigo*.  
*Oth.* *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?  
*Emil.* No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.  
*Oth.* Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murder's out of tune,  
 And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.  
*Des.* O falsely, falsely murder'd.  
*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?  
*Oth.* That? What?  
*Emil.* Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice,  
 Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe. Oh Ladiespeake againe,  
 Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.  
*Des.* A guiltlesse death, I dye.  
*Emil.* Oh who hath done this deed?  
*Des.* No body: I my selfe, farewell:  
 Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.  
*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?  
*Emil.* Alas: who knowes?  
*Oth.* You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.  
*Emil.* She said so: I must needs report the truth.  
*Oth.* She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,  
 'Twas I that kill'd her.  
*Emil.* Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-  
 er Diuell.  
*Oth.* She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.  
*Emil.* Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.  
*Oth.* She was false as water.  
*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
 That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.  
*Oth.* *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.  
 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:  
 But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds  
 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all. *Emil.*

*Emil.* My Husband?  
*Oth.* Thy Husband?  
*Emil.* That she was false to *Wedlocke*?  
*Oth.* I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,  
 If Heauen would make me such another world,  
 Of one entyre and perfect *Chrysolite*,  
 I'd not haue sold her for it.  
*Emil.* My Husband?  
*Oth.* I, 'twas he that told me on her first,  
 An honest man he is, and hates the flime  
 That sticke on filthy deeds.  
*Emil.* My Husband?  
*Oth.* What needs this itterance, Woman?  
 I say, thy Husband.  
*Emil.* Oh Mistris,  
 Villany hath made mockes with loue:  
 My Husband say he was false?  
*Oth.* He, Woman;  
 I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?  
 My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.  
*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious Soule  
 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart.  
 She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.  
*Oth.* Hah?  
*Emil.* Do thy worst:  
 This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,  
 Then thou wast worthy her.  
*Oth.* Peace, you were best.  
*Emil.* Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,  
 As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,  
 As ignorant as dirt: thou hast done a deed  
 (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee know,  
 Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:  
 The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murder, murder.  
*Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.*  
*Mon.* What is the matter? How now Generall?  
*Emil.* Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,  
 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.  
*Gr.* What is the matter?  
*Emil.* Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:  
 He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
 I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.  
 Speake, for my heart is full.  
*Iago.* I told him what I thought,  
 And told no more  
 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.  
*Emil.* But did you euer tell him,  
 She was false?  
*Iago.* I did.  
*Emil.* You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:  
 Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.  
 Shee false with *Cassio*?  
 Did you say with *Cassio*?  
*Iago.* With *Cassio*, Mistris?  
 Go too, charme your tongue.  
*Emil.* I will not charme my Tongue;  
 I am bound to speake,  
 My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.  
*All.* Oh Heauens, forefend.  
*Othello.* And your reports haue set the Murder on.  
*Othello.* Nay stare not Masters,  
 It is true indeede.  
*Gr.* 'Tis a strange Truth.  
*Mon.* O monstrous Acte.

*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany:  
 I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smelt't: O Villany:  
 I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for grieefe.  
 O villany! villany!  
*Iago.* What, are you mad?  
 I charge you get you home.  
*Emil.* Good Gentlemen, let me haue leave to speake:  
 'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:  
 Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.  
*Oth.* Oh, oh, oh.  
*Emil.* Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:  
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,  
 That ere did lift vp eye.  
*Oth.* Oh she was fowle?  
 I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,  
 Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:  
 I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.  
*Gr.* Poore *Desdemona*:  
 I am glad thy Father's dead,  
 Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure grieefe  
 Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,  
 This sight would make him do a desperate turne:  
 Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,  
 And fall to Reprobance.  
*Oth.* 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes  
 That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame,  
 A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,  
 And she did gratifie his amorous workes  
 With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue  
 Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:  
 It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token  
 My Father gaue my Mother.  
*Emil.* Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!  
*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.  
*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?  
 No, I will speake as liberall as the North;  
 Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,  
 All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.  
*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.  
*Emil.* I will not.  
*Gr.* Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.  
*Emil.* Oh thou dull Moore,  
 That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of  
 I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:  
 For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,  
 (More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)  
 He begg'd of me, to steale't.  
*Iago.* Villanous Whore.  
*Emil.* She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,  
 And I did giue't my Husband.  
*Iago.* Filth, thou lyes.  
*Emil.* By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:  
 Oh murderous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole  
 Do with so good a wife?  
*Oth.* Are there no stones in Heauen,  
 But what serues for the Thunder?  
 Precious Villaine.  
*Gr.* The woman fallies:  
 Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.  
*Emil.* I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.  
*Gr.* Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.  
*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon  
 Which I haue receuer'd from the Moore:  
 Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,  
 But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,  
 For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit.*  
*Oth.*